

PANEGYRICK

UPON THE

Most Honourable, An-
cient and Excellent

A R T

O F

Wright-Craft.

By Ja: Donaldson.

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P A N E G Y R I C K

O N T H E

Most Honourable, Ancient and Excel-
lent Art of

W R I G H T - C R A F T.

W *Right-Craft*, this Art who Rightly would define,
 Must not the same to one poor Art confine ;
 This Art most Comprehensive doth include
 All sort of Artists who do work in Wood.
 This Name is like the Trunk of some great Tree,
 From which we many Goodly Branches see
 Like Cedars tall grow out on ev'ry side,
 Beneath whose shade great Flocks of Birds abide.
 Scarce can one Name the num'rous Curious Arts,
 Which of this one make up the sev'ral parts :
 The Joiner and Ship-Carpenter make two,
 The Mill-Wright and the Wheel-Wright all Men know,
 Are Branches which to this great Art pertain,
 And Plough and Cart Wrights have a share therein.
 These who for Mathumatick use do make,
 The Instruments that Math'matitians lack :
 Block-makers, Seive-Wrights and Comb-makers too,
 Are Branches of this Art we must allow ;
 Turners and Coupers no Man can Exclude,



From 'mongst the Artists who do work in Wood.
Coach-makers, Bowers, and the Men who make
The Instruments of Musick must partake
Of this rare Art, and with sweet Melody
Together join in Peace and Harmony.

If in this short, but Comprehensive List,
I any other Artist Branch have miss;
Excuse the Error, and forgive the miss,
Since out of Weakness not design it is.

Since Instrument of Musick-makers are,
Artists who in this Art may claim a share
Let us invock the Muses which they serve,
For help to Dite what *Wright-Craft* doth Deserve.

Awake my Muse, in Lofty Strains Proclaim
Wright-Craft's great Merit, and its endless Fame!
Shew all the things wherein it doth Excell,
And usefull is to all on Earth that Dwell!
Shew how the Wright of shapeless Loggs of Wood,
Makes curious things, most useful Rare and Good ::
He works by Compass, Plumet, Square and Line,
Of knoty Wood he makes things smooth and fine;
He from the Forrest his Materials takes,
Of Rugged Wood a Habitation makes,
Fit for a Dwelling, Regular and fair;
Or if some Mason doth Walls up rear,
The Work Unfinish'd in that state must stand,
Untill the Wright put to his Skilful Hand,
The Beams and Rafter lay, and Roof put on,
And fasten Doors and Windows thereupon;
The Casements and Partitions, or what else,
Doth please the Person in the House who Dwells ::
The Inside he doth Finish and Compleat,
In ev'ry thing that's necessar and meet;
With Tables, Presses, Cabinets and Draw'rs,

With

With Trunks and Chifts, Beds, Ambrys, Stools and
 Of ev'ry fort by him the owner's serv'd, (Chairs:
 Indented Work, Japan'd or finely Carv'd;
 Ev'n from the Throne and Canopy of State,
 To Button Moulds or smallest Wooden Plate:
 With Wood work thus the House provided well,
 Ev'n to a Distaff, Spinle, Pirn or Reel.

The Wright doth next with no small Pains and Care,
 The Instruments of Labour all prepare;
 The Plough, that usefull Instrument of Work,
 The Harrows, Waggon, Cart and Corn-fork;
 And all the other Instruments, by which
 The Husband-Man doth Labour and make Rich:
 Doth Fashion all, then he goes to the Mill,
 Where by Hard Labour, and great Art and Skill;
 By Force of Water, Animals or Wind,
 Mashines he makes that usefull Corndo Grind;
 Mashines that bate tough Raggs into a Mash,
 And Stuburn Hemp soft as the Down doth thresh.
 Mashines that make prodigious hammers go,
 To Forge hard Mettals and the Bellows blow;
 Mashines that bate dry Seeds into an Oyl,
 And saweth Wood with little pain or Toil;
 Mashines that Cardeth Cloath into a Frize,
 And many other Rich varieties,
 Of usefull Engines, made by Wrights we see,
 Whereby they Men from Drudgry work keep free.

In ancient times, to Men what dreadful Toil,
 By Spades and Howes to cultivat the Soil.
 Till Godly *Noah* by his blessed Art,
 Made Cattel Labour in the Plough and Cart:
 This Patriarch great, a Famous Wright indeed,
 As shall be shown, when further I proceed.
 Eas'd Men of half their Toil at once by Beasts;

But

But is it here, the Art of Wright-Craft rests ?
 Not, not at all, his Skilful Artift can,
 Not only make the Cattel Work for Man ;
 But further, he the Eliments doth make,
 To do Mens Work, whil't they his Engines shake.
 The Art as Common, now may be Dispis'd,
 But Anciently, it was most highly Priz'd,
 Whil't no Divice, but Strength of hand was found,
 By which Mens necessary Food was Ground.
 Ev'n *Samson's* self, a Man Prodigious Strong,
 At such hard Work could not continue long ;
 Made choice of Death rather than turn the Mill,
 And be Confin'd to such hard Labour still.

O happy Wright ! It's only thou who can
 Make Eliments, and Cattel work for Man,
 By these Engines, thou doest for them prepare,
 And ease them of their Toil so large a share.
 But here thou stops not, likewise thou affords,
 Most courious Work of Costly Trees and Boords,
 Things for their Pleasure, and Convenicie,
 Contrived are, and wrought alone by thee.
 The Glift'ring Coach, the Cherat and Sedan,
 Are Sates of Pleasure for a weary'd Man ;
 By which he's carried whither he doth please,
 Ev'n whil't he therein siteth at his ease.

The Sacred Bench and Pulpit, places whence,
 The Priest and Judge, Gospel and Law Dispence.
 The inner part, or Substance every where,
 Of Consecrated places, with great care
 The Wrights doth make, and only can Repair. }
 The Throne its self, and Canopy of State,
 The Judgment-Hall, the Bench or Judgment Seat ;
 Are simple things to what the Wrights have made,
 Boards Consecrate, and Timber Hallowed.

Th

The Sacred Boards in Silver Sockets set,
 Their Fashion and their Form from *Wrights* did get;
 The Tabernicle's Nerves, the very thing
 On which the Curtins, and whole Frame did hing :
 The Ark wherein, the Pot of Manna stood,
 To shew how Men had eaten Angels Food;
 The Sacred Tables, and Priest *Aron's* Rod,
 And every other Monument which God
 Appointed had with Israel to remain;
 This hallowed Ark, did all these things contain.

This very Ark which *Bezalel* made,
 When proud *Philistines*, *Israel* did Invade,
 And *Israel's* Armys were in great Distress,
 They brought it forth, and by its Sacredness,
 They thought it would their Enemies defeat;
 Such are his ways, in Heaven who has his Seat,
 He'l have his People know, no Creature may,
 How Sacred ever his place Occopy :
 He lets the Foe prevail, the Ark they did,
 Take Captive, and away in Triumph led ;
 But as its Antitype by Death prevail'd,
 Intomb'd in Earth, beneath a Stone closs Seal'd ;
 Strong Powers and Principalitys did Spoil,
 And Death its self Triumphantly did foil ;
 Sodid this Ark, when Conquerd and tane,
 In Triumph Ride through Land of *Palistine* ;
 To every City where they brought this Chest,
 The People were sore plagu'd and much distress,
Dagon their God, before it down did fall,
 And on the Threshold broke his Neck with all.
 This Sacred Ark, did more *Philistines* Slay,
 Than *Israel's* Armys, in a Battel day.

It still prevail'd, and still did plague them so,
 They on a Cart were Forc'd to let it go ;

In hast two Milk Cows, from the Stalls they took,
 And in the Cart they did the Cattel yoke,
 Their Sucking Calves shut up, thus they contrive,
 To know what Rode, they would by instruct drive.
 The Ark made fast, and present with it sent,
 For their great Sin to make Atonement,
 The Cattel then broke off with mighty speed,
 To *Canaan's* Border streight they did Proceed;
 No stop they made, no by Rode did they take,
 Their Calves at home, they utterly forsake,
 Impatient to get home their Sacred Load,
 They Low'd and ran with Speed along the Rode;
 By Heav'n's Direction, to *Bethshemish* streight,
 The Sacred Chest foaming and Sweeting brought;
 The Fainting Cattel by Stone *Abel* stood,
 No further could they bear the hallowed Wood.

After the Ark crowds of *Philistines* gaze,
 And were constrained *Israel's* God to Praise:
 By Instinct or Divine impulse the Beasts,
 Did Teach their Princes, and instruct their Priests,
 That he whose Ark or Cherters Chest they bore,
 Was only he which all Men should adore.

The *Levits* then, took down Gods Charter-Chest,
 The Cart they clave, the Cows they kill'd and drest;
 Poor Harmless Beasts, who did noways Transgress,
 Were victims made for Mans great Wickedness:
 But many People came and gazed on
 The Sacred Ark, which stood upon a Stone
 Without due Reverence, every Man was slain,
 That thus by Gazing did the Ark Profain.

The *Bethshemists* afraid, did sore Lament,
 And to the Men, of *Kirjathjearm* sent,
 To take the Hallowed Charter-Chest away,
 Lest God should them, like the *Philistians* Slay;

Th

The Men of *Kirjathjearim* well content,
 Gladly receiv'd the Ark of Covenant,
 T' *Abinadab* his House upon the Hill,
 They brought it up, where he did keep it still;
 Ev'n Twenty Years, who Consecrat his Son,
 Religiously to wait the Ark upon.

At last King *David*, with a mighty Train,
 Did take it thence, that it might still remain
 In his own City, and Pavilion,
 Where it should stand a Sacred Frame upon,
 Under two Cherubims the Wrights had made,
 Which ov're the Ark their Sacred Wings did spread.
 The Oracle, and Mercy Seat were there,
 New made by VVrights most wonderfully rare.

But here King *David* err'd, that Man of God,
 The steps Pursu'd the Enemy had Trode;
 Like the Philistians on a Cart he set
 The Sacred Ark, which a wrong touch did get;
 By *Uza* when it Toter'd and shook,
 Which so did *Israel's* Mighty GOD provock,
 He struck him Dead at once upon the spot,
 And thus did mind the King he had forgot;
 That no Man might the Hallowed Ark come near,
 But Sacred Priests who ought the same to bear.

This awful Chist so terrify'd the King,
 He durst it not to *David's* City bring:
 To *Obededem's* House he turn'd aside,
 And three Months there he let the Ark abide,
 Until he saw how GOD the Man did Bless
 Who kept the same, then went the Son of *Jesse*
 And brought the Ark to his own City then,
 Where 'twixt the Cherubims it did remain,
 Till *Solomon* his Son did Build for GOD
 A House where he might have a firm abode,

Fill'd with Angelick Wisdom, could contrive
 A Glorious House above all Men alive ;
 Ev'n as the House was great where GOD would dwell,
 So did its Builder all Mankind Excell.
 Thus he whose ways are perfect every whit,
 Makes all his Servants for his Service fit ;
 This Glorious Prince and Inspir'd Architect,
 To *Hiram* Wrot, he purpos'd to Erect,
 A Glorious Structure to the King of Kings,
 Desiring he would send the useful things,
 He wanted to compleat the Work, and said,
 He for the Wood should Thankfully be paid :
 So all the Timber at full price he Bought,
 He'd not Serve GOD with that which cost him nought;
 Full Twenty Thousand Measures of fine Wheat,
 And as much Barley for the Servants Meat :
 As many Beaths of Oyl and Wine he sent,
 Him Year by Year, and further to content
 The King of *Tyrus*, he Ten Cities gave,
 The Wood was very much you may believe,
 And likewise Good, well knew the King to chuse
 What Wood was best, and all the bad refuse.
 Of Trees he Wrote ev'n from the Cedar tall,
 To smallest Shrub that grows upon the Wall ;
 Tall Cedar Trees and Costly Olive Wood,
 Fir Trees and Algamung, all very good,
 King *Hiram* sent with Chearfulness and Joy,
 Twelve Thousand Wrights he did at once employ,
 To cut and hew the Timber which he sought,
 Which they on Floats and Rafts to *Joppa* brought ;
 The Gentiles thus did Cheerfully assist
 To Build a Temple to GOD's Charter Chist,
 The Symbol of his Presence, all which shews
 The Gentiles should in time as well as Jews,

(10)
Make part of that most Glorious Sp'ritual House
Which GOD Himself should for a Dwelling chuse :
The work went bravely on, no Time was lost,
And *Solomon* the King did spare no Cost,
The Sacred Treasures in by *David* laid,
Were opened up, and all the Workmen paid,
Like Spales or Sclate-stones Money passed then
Amongst the Artists, and the Labouring Men ;
All Curious Artists throughout *Israel*
Unto *Jerusalem* were gathered all,
And some from other Nations likewise were
Brought to assist in that great work most rare ;
With Cedar Boards the Temple's Inner side
They covered, which all the Stones did hide.
Galries about, and Chambers for the Priests,
Were made of Cedar Planks and Cedar Jeists,
Sanctum Sanctorum, the Oracle of GOD,
In which the Ark and Mercy Seat abode,
And Cherubimes of choifest Wood were made,
VVhose Sacred VVings the Ark did Overshade :
The Holy of Holys was all made of VWood,
And all the Sacred things that therein stood,
Its Door of Olive VWood, whose Hinge was Gold,
And Golden Chains the Door fast shut did hold ;
No Man durst venture in't, save once a year,
The High Priest only therein did appear ;
After most Solemn Sacrifice and Pray'r,
A Censer then wi h Burning Incense there,
Religiously he took, and streight Perfum'd,
The Hallowed place lest he should be Consum'd,
By that Resplendent Light and Brightness great
Between the Cherubs on the Mercy Seat ;
Then with a Reverend Bow, Trembling and Fear,
He begged Pardon for the bypast year ;

First for himself, then for the People all,
Did Earnestly to GOD for Mercy call.

In this most awfull mode, great GOD did then
Require his Homage and due Praise from Men.
A Divine Ray Unvailed is so Bright,
No Mortal can behold the Hallowed Light,
Therefore the King, caus'd make a Vail of VWood,
Which 'twixt the House and Presence Chamber stood;
Which did the Humane Nature Typify
That should ov'reshade the Glorious Diety,
When Heav'n and Earth did meet in that Blest one,
Wright *Joseph's* Virgin Wife her onely Son;
Th' Eternal Word then Humane Flesh was made,
And did the Divine Nature overshadow,
And Accessible made the Diety,
To all who since do Worship Reverently.

Not only did the *Wrights* the work Outrid
Within the Temple, and the Stones all hid
By these fine Cedar Boards they fixed there,
Which in most curious manner Carved were,
With Cherubs, Lillies, Flowrs and Pomgrenats,
But likewise they did make the Instruments,
Wherewith they did give Praise to *Zion's* King,
Which made all Corners of the Temple Ring.

The Instruments of Musick, these fine things,
Wind Instruments, and Instruments with Strings,
Such as the Psaltry, Cornet, Pipe and Flute,
The Symbol, Timbral, Hempsecord and Lute;
The Organ, and King *David's* Royal Harp,
On which he Artful Notes both flate and sharp,
So Cunningly with Divine Skill did Play,
Its very Sound did chase the Devil away.

The Art to conjure in the days of Old
By Instrumental, Musick we are told,

To *David* was not Singular, for then
Musicians playing to Perfection, when
The *Demons* heard the Heav'nly Melody,
Gall'd with the Sound, away in hast did fly.

Whilst Musick was for Pious uses us'd,
And not by Songs of Bawdry much abus'd ;
Men had the Grace and Skill by this rare Art
To move the Passions, and to chear the Heart,
To that Degree as some Historians tell,
The Art of Musick was perform'd so well,
Minstrels could mannage some Men at that rate,
Whilst they in angry mode the strong did beat,
To make them Storm and Rage, and strike about,
Then on a Sudden gently touch the Lute
On Counter Keys, with so much Art and Skill,
As made the active Patient Calm and Still ;
And hugg and kiss the Men he struck before,
Yea then they say Musicians could do more :
They Rav'nous Beasts in Forests could convene,
To hear their Musick on the Vardent Green,
Who sometimes Listening in their Faces Gaz'd,
Then suddenly Transported and Amaz'd,
Would Dance and Skip about them all in Rings,
Whilst with great Art they touch'd the Keys and Strings.

But why my Muse? why Dwell'st thou here so long?
Upon Musicians, who the Muses wrong :
The Art at first design'd the Heart to chear,
In Imitation of the Heavenly Quire :
Instructing Notes both Moral and Divine,
Musicians first did singly design ;
But Vicious Men did suddenly pervert
Th' intent and meaning of this Heav'nly Art,
And to their Plumat did the same adjust,
Not to excite to Vertue, but to Lust;

Infernal Mirth, they forwardly advance,
And with the Musick, mix promiscuous Dance.

No wonder that the Art doth Languish now,
And Artists faill, in what they us'd to do,
Since thus they by Lacivious, fordid, vain
And Idle Jeiggs the Muses much profain:
But yet the VVright, his first Integratry,
Still holdeth fast with much Stability;
For Instruments of Musick every whit
As good as ever do continue yet,

And if discreetly us'd with Skill and Grace,
To Mankind still might furnish much solace:
But since these Artists, do his Work abuse
Proceed thou to another Branch my Muse.

Shew how the Wright, with equal skill and pair
Equips whole Navies to the Fluid Main;
This Art did its Original first take
From *Noah*, who a hudge Big Ship did make,
Which did all Mankind in its Womb contain,
And all the Cattel Stowed were therein;
In it all Beasts and Creeping things did Lodge
And were Preserved from the great Deludge;
And Feathered Fowl, of every kind were there,
That Spread the Wing or fly in open Air:
This Vessel great, th' Essay-piece of a Wright,
Was Built so firm, and was careen'd so tight,
All Flesh it did preserve for near a year,
On Billows, that the same aloft did bear.
Without a Pomp, a Compass, Helm, or Sail,
Ev'n all the time the VVaters did Prevail.
Without Rigging, Masts, or Cable Tow,
And Ancher to hold fast when Winds did blow.
On *Arrat's* to at last she struck a Ground,
And there Struck fast, yet not a Soul was Drown'd.

The Ship-Wright's Art at once you perfect see,
 Tho Navigation not to that Degree
 So soon, but by Peice-meal did grow.
 Unto a perfect Science as its now.

In litle Boats or Canoes they at first,
 To Cross a River only venture durst;
 Then with some Larger Vessels they Invade,
 Proud Neptune's Borders where they could not Wade,
 But to the Shore they alwise near did stand,
 And Steired Coast ways within sight of Land;
 Then by Experience were Emboldned more
 Ov'r narrow Seas to trip from Shoar to Shoar;
 At last they're come to such a pith of Skill,
 As guide the Tallest Ships where e're they will.

From Whence? O Wright! From whence this strange
 This Sublimated Art and Skill of thine? (Engine
 To make the Beasts and Eliments on Land
 For Men to Work, and ply to thy Command;
 But further still as being not content
 To be confin'd unto one Element,
 As if the Earth too Scant a Feild for thee,
 Could not contain thy Work, thou goes to Sea.

'Tis said great *Alexander* wept most fore
 When he to Conquer Worlds, could find no more;
 But thou hast found, and likewise Conquer'd too,
 A World which none but thou alone could do:
 The Fluid Ocian, dreadful to be hold,
 A Terror to all Flesh in days of Old;
 None on the Waters durst adventure then,
 More than the Fire dare now be trode by Men.

The great Abyffe, which can at once Intomb
 Ten Worlds of Men in its Varasious Womb.
 Thou with more ease, and safety can traverse
 Than Men on Land can Travel by Colasse;
 Great Trees and Planks thou by thy great Engine

Together Joins, as by Command Divine,
 Thy Patron *Noah* first the Art began
 Well hast thou Coppied from that Famous Man,
 To join thy Trees and Planks in such a sort,
 As thereby Men with safety can transport
 Rich Cargoes over Neptune's Foaming Waves,
 And therein sit as in Strong Holds and Caves.
 This is not all, these Vessels by thee made,
 Not only serve, and useful are for Trade,
 In which the Merchant from the Indias brings
 The Gold and Silver, Spices and fine things.
 Not only do they Men on Seas preserve,
 But also they do for our safety serve,
 Who dwell on Land, and Terror to all those,
 Who Wickedly do make themselves our Foes.

Great Britain's Bulwark, and her Wall of Brass,
 Thou makest of Wood, and makest on Seas to pass;
 Thou makest these great prodigious Ships of War,
 Which to the World a great Terror are ;
 They on proud *Neptune's* Waves in Lofty sort,
 Display their Flags and with the Billows sport.
 They Croud their Sails in Tiers both high and Low,
 And gather all the Breath the Winds can blow ;
 Beneath their Bows the Trimbling Waves do roar,
 While Men agast stand trembling on the Shore,
 Like huge big Castles with out Stretched wings,
 Them Near the Shoar the Skilful Pilot brings,
 They turn about and do their Feathers shake,
 Their Thunder makes the Earth it self to quake,
 Showers of great Bullets they ashore do sling,
 Which Strongest Forts and Proudest walls down ding,
 Men from their sides like Locusts croud a pace
 In Boats and Barges, with a darring Face
 They trip a shoar, and with much fury they

Do

(16)
Do storm the Forts upon the Enemy.

Before the crafty Monk found out the Art,
To change the Musquet for the Spire and Dart;
All Martial Weapons and Engines of War
Were made by Wrights, as still some of them are,
Yet some make doubt which are the best, and say,
The Bow did then more than the Guns now slay;
But Novelty prevails, and ancient things,
Such as the Arrow, Bow and Batton-slings,
The manual Weapons of the Ancients, now
Rejected are, as things that will not do.

Bat'ring-Rams, and Balists anciently,
And Caterpults were the Artillery
Us'd in the Wars, by skillful Wrights all made,
From which all these now us'd are copied.
The Balist a prodigious great Cross-Bow,
Did Stones and Arrows in a streight Line throw;
The Caterpult, their Morter-Piece was then,
Which heav'd great Stones, and let them fall again,
Some of them threw Stones so prodigious large,
More than six Royal Cannon can discharge;
The Batt'ring-Rams like Thunder-Bolts did knock
Upon the Walls, enough to split a Rock.
The *Trojan* Horse the cunning Wright did make,
By means of which, they did the City take:
The Work were endless to go on to show
What Wrights have done, and what they still can do.
Tis plain by Modern great Artillery,
We nothing gain but just the Novelty.

But yet my Muse, thou further must proceed
Concerning Wright-Craft to another Head,
Say of the Wright, what none else can pretend;
All Men alive did from a Wright descend.
To *Abram* was a gracious Promise made,

He

He should be blessed with a num'rous Seed,
 That for their number, as the Sand should be,
 Or as the twinkling Lights of Heav'n we see;
 Yet *Abraham* and his large Off-Spring all
 Is but a Branch, yea, ev'n a Twig most small,
 Of this great Root, of this great Wright I mean,
 Who in his Loins all Nations did contain;
 But yet his Glory in this lyeth not,
 But rather here, because he was devout.

In time of grand Apostacy this Prince,
 A King he was, I instantly evince,
 The Tenth from *Adam* in the Royal Line;
 A Holy Priest, a Prophet, a Divine,
 A Wright, and universal Monarch too,
 What Artist can so great a Patron show?
 I say this Prince in these Apposte Days
 When all Mankind corrupted had their Ways,
 Their Wickedness increas'd to such a Flame,
 Nought but the great Deluge could quench the same,
 And wash the Earth from their Impurity,
 And make it fit for his Posterity;
 This Pious Wright, and House the Mercy found
 Preserv'd to be, when all the rest were drown'd.

This plainly shews the Mercy and the Love
 Of that just Judge, who Dwells and Reigns Above;
 The Righteous Judge of all the Earth is just
 And none destroys that in Him put their Trust;
 One of all Mankind he doth single out,
 One of a City as he did with *Lot*:
 For five he'll spare a City, but if there
 Be VVickedness abounding every where,
 If but one Righteous lodge within it's VValls,
 That very one by Name from thence he calls,
 And taketh out from 'mongst the wicked Crew,
 That on the rest he may pour Vengeance due.
 He for a few great Multitudes doth spare,

And ev'n these few who do their Hearts prepare
 To serve Him rightly, tho' they do offend
 In many things, he'll one good thing commend;
 This one good Man, amongst all *Adam's* Seed,
 He taketh out, before that he proceed
 To take due Vengeance on the godless Crowd,
 And sweep them all off by a mighty Flood;
 Yet unprov'd he will not let them go,
 Perish they must, yet shall they perish so,
 As spotless Justice shall exoner'd be;
 He warning gave them from fierce Wrath to flee:
Noah on Planks and Trees his Line did stretch,
 By Manual-work he did Repentance preach;
 Sixscore of Years he preached on this Text,
 At their Ungodly Scoffs not little vex,
 But all th' effect that this long Sermon had
 Was to enrage them, and to make them mad
 Against the Prophet, who they scoffing mock'd,
 While he the Boards and Planks together knock'd,
 Said they, behold! How this old fullen Fool
 Works on this Ark with every kind of Tool,
 He says we shall be drown'd, the Water so
 Shall swell and raise, the whole Earth to o'rflood,
 Ridiculous, yea utterly absurd,
 We're not such Fools as to beleive his Word:
 Bid us abstain from Pleasures, he calls Sin,
 These Manly Vices we find Pleasure in:
 Come, don't regard him, let the Fool alone,
 Let him with this most famous Work go on,
 A Monument of his great Folly sure
 This glorious Ark shall for long time endure.

The Prophet finding that it was in vain,
 To bid the World from Wickedness refrain
 In building of the Ark did still proceed,

That

That therein he might just preserve a Seed,
 To grow up from a purer Root or Stock,
 Still builded on, and still let them mock ;
 The Work out-rid, Provisions he laid in,
 And to stow all the Cattle did begin :
 The Beasts unclean, came to him pair by pair,
 The clean by Sevens, fast thither did repair :
 At last himself and Household in he put,
 And GOD himself the Door behind him shut :
 The great Abyſſe, and Fountains of the Deep
 Were opened up, Mankind away to sweep,
 And all the Clouds of Heav'n at once did pour
 Their Rain apace, some said it's but a Shower,
 We will not yet beleive the Earth can be
 By these small Drops all turn'd into a Sea ;
 While it rain'd long, and Waters still encreast
 Some ran unto the Ark in mighty haste,
 With Stones and Sticks they knocked at the Door,
 To *Noah* then, loud did they cry and roar,
 Pray let us in, for now we will repent,
 And to abandon Vice we are content.

Too late their Crys, for then he would not hear,
 As to his Sermon they had not given Ear :
 For Hammers and for Axes they ran then,
 To break it up when they came back again ;
 But e're they cou'd get back the Waters rose,
 And 'twixt the Ark and them did interpose
 Each little Strand a mighty River was
 Impossible for any Man to pass,
 To tops of Hills and Houses then they ran
 And all the other Methods that they can,
 They try and use, their wretched Livesto save,
 But all in vain the Flood must be their Grave :
 Some on a Board, and some upon a Tree,

Did Float a while, and then did sterving die,
 The Waters still prevail'd with dreadful Strength
 'Bove highest Hill the tallest Giant's Length:
 Before this time the Ark you may be sure
 Was tost on Billows that the same up bore,
 Flat-Bottom'd and Square Starn'd, without a Bow,
 Not made in Fashion as the Ships are now,
 Without a Keel, and Rudder like a Boat,
 Not being made for Sailage but to Float;
 Had she been Arched below, and had a Keel,
 The mighty Waves that 'gainst her Sides did reel,
 Had beat her down when first she struck a ground,
 And her whole precious Cargo had been drown'd:
 But being flat, her bottom sure did stand,
 And steddy keep'd the first hold of Land:
 The Waters then return, the Ark stuck fast,
 And out thereof did *Noah* come at last,
 With all his Household, and with every Beast,
 And to his GOD did solemnize a Feast,
 Thankful for his Deliverance, he did make
 An Alter and the seventh of Beasts did take,
 I mean clean Beasts, all which he kill'd and dress'd,
 One of each kind, he sacrific'd the best;
 His great Deliverer he prais'd and invoc't
 Ev'n all the while the Hallowed Altar smoak't;
 The poysoned Air with Incense he perfum'd
 Defil'd by Men, which then were all consum'd;
 He was accepted, and his GOD did please
 The Savour of this general Sacrifice,
 Well recompens'd him for this one of seven,
 None ever lost by giving unto Heaven;
 He six for one did instantly repay,
 For Beasts might not be eaten till that day;
 He hallowed all the Flock for this poor one,

That

That Men might freely feed and feast upon
 The Carcases of Animals, but Blood
 He did forbid, as Flesh before the Flood,
 This seasonable Bounty he did get,
 Just when the Earth had been all wash'd and wet,
 Sanded and furrow'd by the dreadful Waves,
 And barren grown, he this new Food receives
 With a sure Promise for his future Joy,
 That Waters should no more all Flesh destroy.

O wond'rous Grace! that he doth condescend,
 As if Men could not on his Word depend,
 To add a Token, which they may behold,
 Besides that Word which Heav'n's and Earth uphold.
 The Rainbow, which he placeth in the Cloud,
 In token that he'll not return the Flood:
 O faithless Man! that needeth such a Sign
 Thus to confirm, that faint weak Faith of thine;
 What Honour to a Wright who thus procur'd
 A Token? Which has ever since endur'd,
 And to the World's end it shall remain,
 To shew the Earth shall not be drown'd by Rain.

A Wright, *qua* Wright, from temp'ral Death did save,
 All Flesh that in their Nostrils Breath receive:
 But what's all this? to that most pious VVright
 Of Judah's Royal Line, in Heart upright,
 Who was commanded to Espouse a Wife,
 A Spotless Virgin of Untainted Life,
 Of that same Royal Blood, and Stem of Jesse,
 What words this Glorious Mist'ry can express?
 Angelick Wisdom here, must needs stand mute,
 My Muse Adore! Adore! and not dispute,
 How it could be, that Heaven and Earth here joins,
 How the Creator from Created Loins
 Proceeded thus? or how the Womans Seed

Should

Should bruise the Crafty Serpents Crazy head?
 The Ancient of Days, thus to become a Child,
 And he the Son of a poor Wright be stil'd;
 That he who made the Universe, should be
 An Infant Dandled on a Woman's Knee,
 Drest and Swadled, and receive the Breast,
 And Suck a Virgin's Milk to Quench his Thirst:
 The Fountain of Living Waters to be dry,
 And for the Breast like other Infants cry;
 But so it was, and to Sum up what can
 Be said, GOD's Son became the Son of Man.

It's plain from all that is above exprest,
 Of all the Arts *Wright-Craft* must be the best;
 No Honour ever was on Men confer'd,
 Like that to which some Wrights have been prefer'd:
 The greatest Gift, ev'n Heav'n it self could give,
 Wright *Joseph* and his Virgin Wife receive;
 Omnipotence was ne're put to't before,
 To do it's utmost, and could do no more:
 Infinity gave an Infinite Gift,
 Nothing behind it to be given was left,
 To make Ten Thousand Worlds, Omnipotence
 Could in a Minute by a word produce,
 And not Exhaust its power a drham or Ase,
 But thus it was in the 'bove mention'd Case;
 Love was Exerted to the highest pitch,
 He that receiveth all must needs be Rich.

A Wright's Wife here, is Dignify'd and Bless'd,
 In such a sort as cannot be exprest;
 She who no Man did know, brought forth a Son
 To save an Elect World, that was undone;
 And must have Perish'd, had not Mercy given
 To her the Darling Quintessence of Heaven:
 He who made all things, of her Flesh was made;

Her

She who the Holy Ghost did overshadow,
 Brought forth a Son, the Son of GOD she bore,
 Who all Mankind should Worship and Adore
 Yea, Angels too, before him Prostrate fall,
 And by their Wings their Faces hide withal,
 Abash'd and Shame'd his Glory to behold,
 Which 'Ternity it self cannot unfold.

He who the Heaven of Heavens cannot contain,
 For Nine Months space or more did Lodge within
 The Blessed Womb of a Wright's Virgin Wife,
 And Life took of her, who to all gave Life;
 Mysterious Grace, here, wholly out of sight,
 Pleas'd thus to Honour and to Bless a Wright
 Ev'n to be call'd his Son, and did submit
 To be Govern'd by him as he thought fit,
 Whil'st in the State of his Humility,
 Wright *Joseph* did Command, and he obey.

Amazing Condescension! matchless Love!
 To *Adam's* Race, did him Excite and move
 Himself to Humble in this Lowly State,
 Who was, and is, Infinite High and Great:
 And this Blest Wright did not his Pow'r abuse,
 Nor any of Heaven's Mandats did refuse,
 But streightway did take home his Blessed Spouse,
 As soon's the Angel told him had the case,
 And afterward he quickly left the place
 Of his Nativity, and with Delight
 To *Egypt* hastily did take his flight,
 To save the Blessed Babe from *Herod's* Rage,
 Where he Maintain'd him till he was of A ge;
 And Food and Rayment for him did provide,
 So long as he pleas'd with him to abide.

He who unto all Creatures giveth Meat,
 Had nothing of his own whereof to Eat;

who the World Created, had no where
 To lay his Head, to which he might repair,
 When weary and Fatigu'd, but this Blest VVright
 Did Intertain him many a Day and Night;
 And at his Blessed Craft did Toil and Sweat
 To Earn the Bread our Blessed LORD did Eat:
 O Blessed Guest! O Happy VVright! who Fed
 And Lodg'd the Son of God who had no Bed;
 These Famous Patrons of VVright-Craft are such,
 VVe to their Praise can never say too much.

Let this excite all Wrights to pious Lives,
 Let it likewise excite their loving Wives
 To imitate these famous Patrons, who
 So much of Grace and Sanctity did know,
 By means of which, they have obtain'd such-Fame,
 That nothing ever can blot out the same;
 And all who yet do Pietie promote
 Shall gain a Treasure that shall never rot;
 When one did praise the happy blessed State
 Of her that gave unto our LORD the Tate;
 He plainly told, they rather blessed are,
 Who to obey his Word their Hearts prepare.

Errata, Page 12, Line 12, for Strong Read Strings.

FINIS.



